Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere.

*Enter the Queene, and the Dutcheſſe of Yorke.*

*Qu.* Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flower, new appearing ſweets,
If yet your gentle ſoules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

*Qu Mar.* Houer about her, ſay that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,

*Qu.* Wilt thou O God flie from ſuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe:
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?

*Qu. Mar.* When holy *Mary* died, and my ſweet *Son*.

*Dutch.* Blind ſight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghoſt,
Woes ſceane, worlds ſhame, graues due by life vſurpt,
Reſt their vnreſt on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.

*Qu.* O that thou wouldſt as well afford a graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholly ſeat,
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them heere:
O who hath any cauſe to mourne but I?

*Dut.* So many miſeries haue craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe,
*Edward* Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

*Qu. Mar.* If ancient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of ſignorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If ſorrow can admit ſocietie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadſt an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadſt a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

*Dut.* I had a *Richard* too, and thou didſt kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpſt to kill him.

*Qu. Mar.* Thou hadſt a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-



A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That Dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let looſe to chaſe vs to our graues,
O vpright, iuſt, and true diſpoſing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre
Preyes on the iſſue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.

*Dut.* O, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witneſſe with me, I haue wept for thee.

*Qu. Mar.* Beare with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it:
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that ſtabd my *Edward*,
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quite my *Edward*,
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſſe:
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this Tragicke play,
The adulterate *Haſtings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely ſmoothered in their duskie graues,
*Richard* yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reſerued their factor to buy ſoules,
And ſend them thither, but at hand at hand,
Enſues his pitteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hels burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him ſuddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to ſay the Dog is dead.

*Qu.* O thou didſt propheſie the time would come
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſſe
That botteld ſpider, that foule hunch-backt toad.

*Qu. Mar.* I cald the then, vaine flouriſh of my fortune,
I cald thee then poore ſhaddow, painted Queene,
The preſentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two ſweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,